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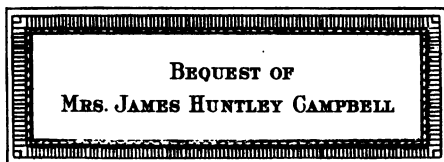
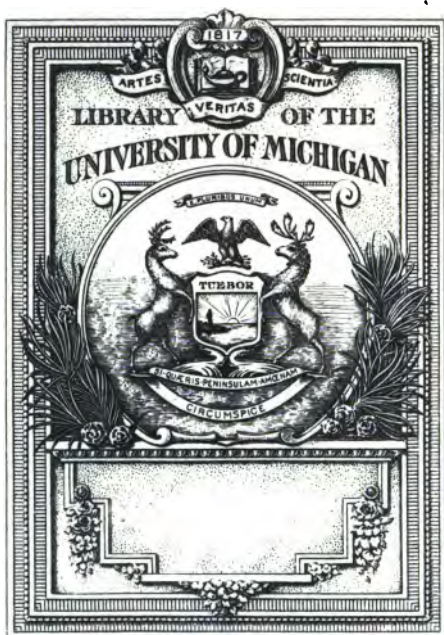
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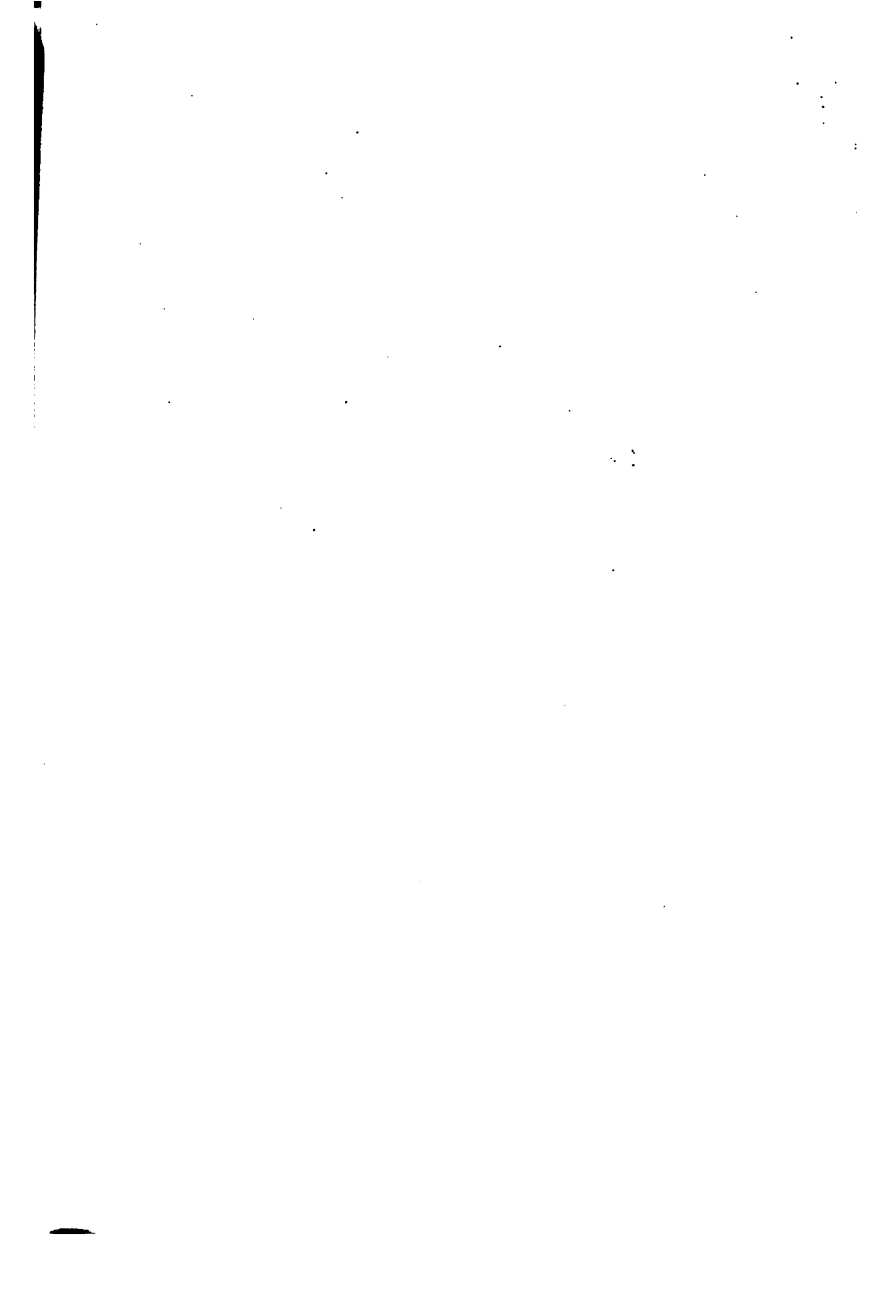
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THE AUTHOR
Bols. Roberts

The Boy's Adventure of It:

A C. G. P. P.

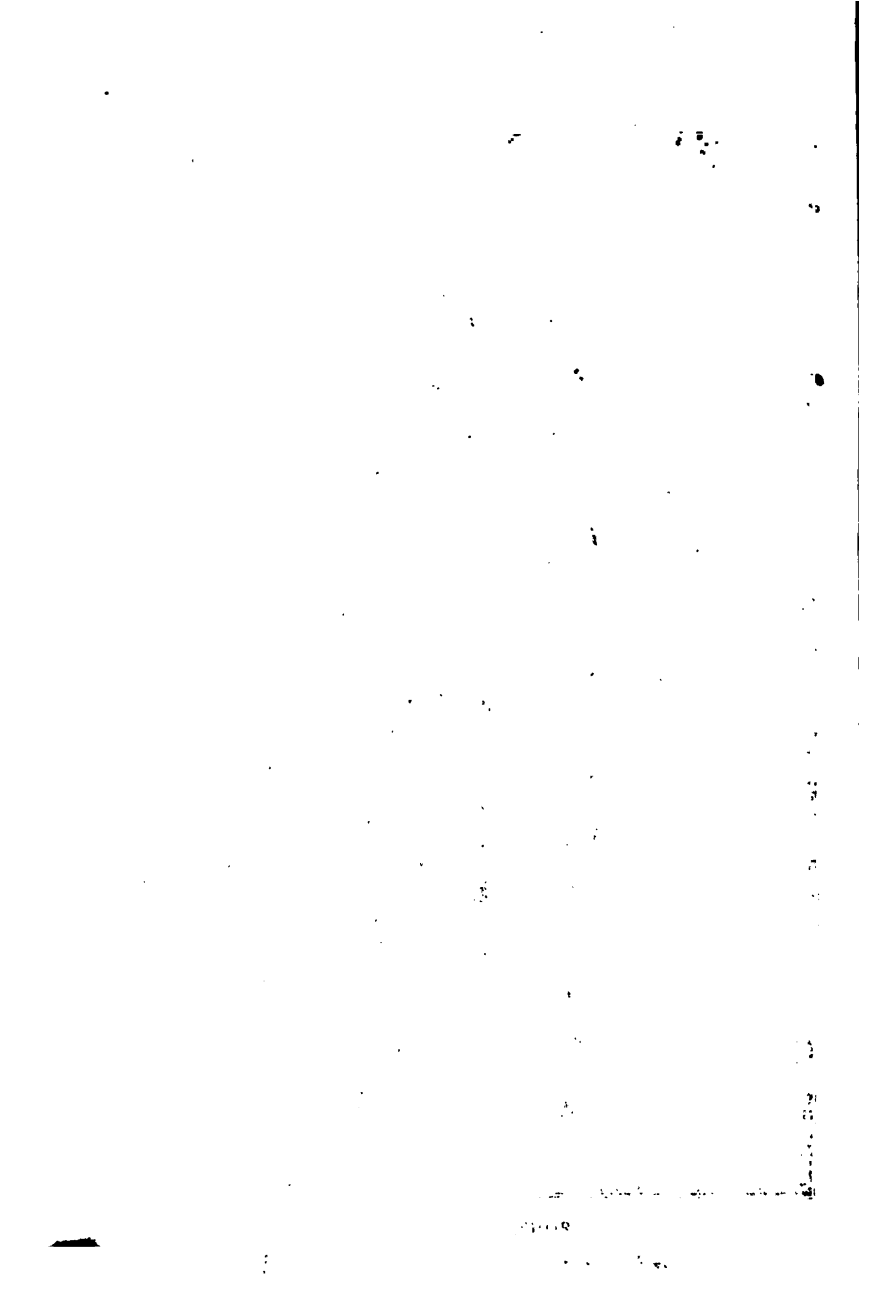
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The Boy's Account of It:

A Chronicle of Foreign Travel
by an Eight-year-old

Translated by a Patient Printer from the Manuscript of
"BOBS" ROBERTS
(WILLIAM CULVER ROBERTS, Jr.)

New York
The Waterloo Press
346 Broadway
1909

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*Request of Mrs.
James Whitley Campbell
1-20-32*

DEDICATION

DEAREST FATHER.

I see it is the fashion, in writing books, to put a dedication (I had to copy that word, letter for letter), to somebody, on the first page; and I want my book to be in the fashion. So here is a dedication to the one person in the world that I love most of all—to the kindest father and the best chum that any little boy ever had. What gets me is that you are always so good and kind to me, even when I am naughty; and when I am real bad you don't get mad, but just look sad. (Bad and mad and sad sound like poetry.) I could never get square with you if I lived a thousand years; but you shall see, day after day, that I love you from the bottom of my heart.

B. L. Roberts

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for years has a whole row of books about the
mediterranean and he says their ~~are~~
are lots more that he doesnt have,
but they were all ritten by ~~garm~~
garm or people. I suppose this is
the first tome that a boy tackled
the job of ~~a~~ riteing such a book.

When I went to Europe on my
other trips, fore I have been
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young to rite a book. For then
I could not spell the words nor
rite except in printing
letters. My spelling is still pretty
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but the man who dose the printing
will have to ~~put~~ fuzzle out the
riteing and fix up the spelling. I took

WHAT THE PRINTER WAS "UP AGAINST."
(A Sample Page of Manuscript.)

INTRODUCTION

Here I begin a book to tell about my last travels. My father and I have just got back home after a long trip, and I must get busy writing before I forget some of the things that happened. Besides, there is another reason to hurry; for I do not want any other eight-year-old boy to get ahead of me in writing a book about a trip to the Mediterranean (I can't spell that name, but I'll count on the printer to fix it up all right.)

I don't suppose this book is really needed, for father has a whole row of books about the Mediterranean, and he says there are lots more that he doesn't have; but they were all written by grown-up people. I suppose this is the first time that a boy tackled the job of writing such a book.

When I went to Europe on my other trips (for I have been there four times), I was too young to write a book, for then I could not spell the words, nor write except in printing letters. My spelling is still pretty bad, and my writing is a sight; but the man who does the printing will have to puzzle out the writing and fix up the spelling. I expect he will be worried some, but father says that is what he is paid for.

I told father he is not to help at all in writing this book, except to tell me how to spell the names of some of the places, when I get stuck; and he is to pay the printer. It is handy to have a father around at pay time.

On this trip I sailed on eight seas, was in America, Europe, Asia and Africa, travelled nearly 15,000 miles, saw millions and millions of people and many wonderful sights. I don't believe any boy of eight ever saw more in the same time.

Besides that, I made a great many good friends

among the gentlemen and ladies on board the ship; and here is where I thank the ladies 'specially, for taking charge of me when I got sleepy listening to lectures in the evening and letting me curl up in their laps and be dead to the world until I got awake in the morning in my bed.

And now I'll tell about the trip.

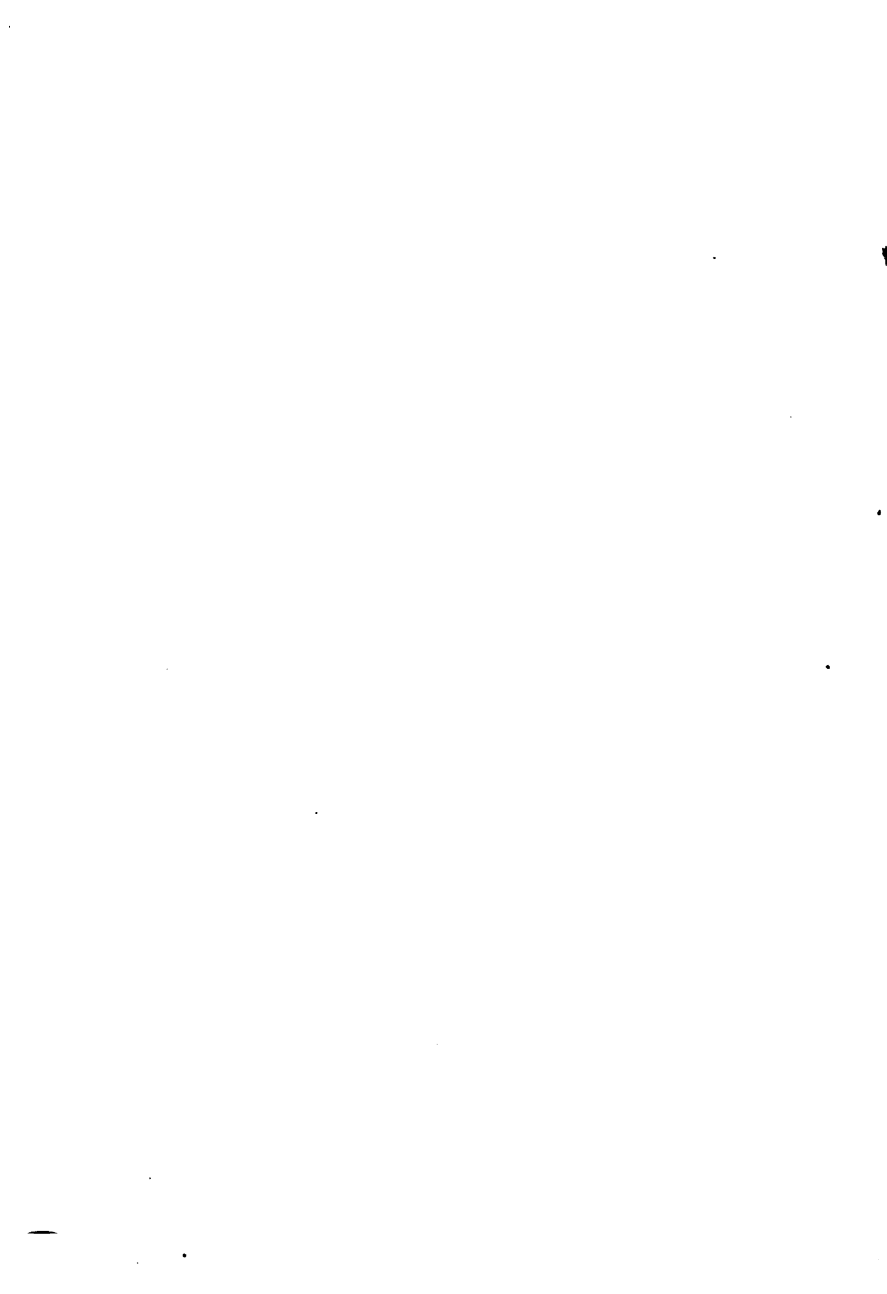






A SECTION OF OUR BIG SHIP "THE ARABIC"





CHAPTER 1

Getting Ready, and Getting Off

Going to Europe isn't like going to Chicago or Boston. It takes more getting ready.

We were going to sail February 4, when it is cold; and before we got back we would visit Egypt, where it is hot. So you see we had to have hot clothes and cool clothes, ship clothes, land clothes and dress-up clothes. We flew around from shop to shop until I thought we must have bought enough to do for a trip twice around the world. The joke

Making
Shop-keepers
Happy

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

was on father, for when we got home he unpacked many things that we never had on.

Too many
good-byes

It is bad to have too many friends when you are getting ready to go to Europe; for it takes so much time going around to say good bye.

But at last we got on the "Arabic," on the evening of Feb. 3; for we were to sail before daylight. I sized up our stateroom and it looked all right; and before long I was asleep in bed.

Sea sickness

Well, when I got up the next morning we were miles and miles out on the ocean, which was as smooth as a river. A smooth ocean is a great comfort to some people, though it makes no difference to me, for I never have been seasick on any of the eight times that I crossed the ocean; and I crossed some very windy times. But even on this smooth time

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

there were a few people who were sick; though I suppose they would get seasick even if they looked at a *picture* of the ocean.

On the first day everybody looks at every other body out of the corner of his eye; or her eye, if she is a woman. They seem to be making up their minds about this person or that person, and picking on the people they would like to know, or like not to know. Then they get together, by and by, and before the trip is well started there are many good friendships between these strangers. But a boy does not have to wait at all; he just talks to everybody, without knowing anybody's name, right from the start; so he has many good friends before the grown-ups have even met each other. It is a fine thing to be a boy on board a ship.

A Boy's Advantage

One night, 'way out on the ocean, our

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

Uncle Sam's
Ships

ship passed the big fleet of warships which was going home to the United States after sailing all around the world. It happened at midnight, when I was asleep; but father and many others stayed up to see it, and I felt pretty bad about missing the sight, when they told me of it next day. It just seemed as if I had skipped one Fourth of July.

No matter how good a time you are having on the ship, you always like to see land after sailing on the big, wide sea for a whole week; so everybody was happy on February 12, when we saw the welcome sight.

But I think Madeira is important enough to have a chapter all by itself.



FUNCHAL, MADEIRA, THE HOME OF JOSEPHINA

CHAPTER II

My Adventures at
Funchal, Madeira

We sailed for thirty miles along the coast of Madeira and I don't believe there is a more beautiful sight anywhere than we saw from our ship. High mountains, snow on their tops like a white slouch hat, rise straight from the water, with all kinds of colors on their sides; many little waterfalls go tumbling down the rocks; and there are more flower gardens than you could shake a stick at. If I did not live in America I think I should

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

like to live on the island of Madeira; at least for a few weeks. And Josephina lives there.

I meet
Josephina

Josephina is a little Portuguese girl whom I met in the town of Funchal, soon after we landed. She and I ate strawberries until I was stuffed and could not hold any more. She taught me to say "Vosci bora" (go away) when the beggars came around. Father says that Christopher Columbus, the man who discovered America, got his wife at Funchal. But I suppose there will be plenty of nice American girls left, by the time I grow up, and maybe Josephina would not wait for me anyway. She is older than I.

Diving for a
Living

If you want to see boys dive, go to Funchal. When the ship anchors, a lot of shivering boys are waiting. The passengers throw coins over the ship's side into the water, and the boys dive after the coins and bring

THE BOYS ACCOUNT OF IT

them up. It is a wet sort of way of making money. They can only see and save the silver coins; the pennies do not shine in the water and so go to the bottom and are lost. I expect if the bottom of the harbor of Funchal were raked there would be bushels of American pennies found—enough to give every beggar one penny. For in Funchal, and at every town on my trip, there are most as Beggars
Everywhere many beggars as people.

What kind of street cars do you think they have in Funchal? Sleds, drawn by cows! The streets are paved with smooth stones and are Rapid
Transit very hilly. At one place there is a hill two miles long; you go up this hill and toboggan down on the sleds—whiz!—just like that. It is great fun.

It is such great fun that it came near causing me to stay behind when the "Arabic"

How I nearly
Came to be
Left behind

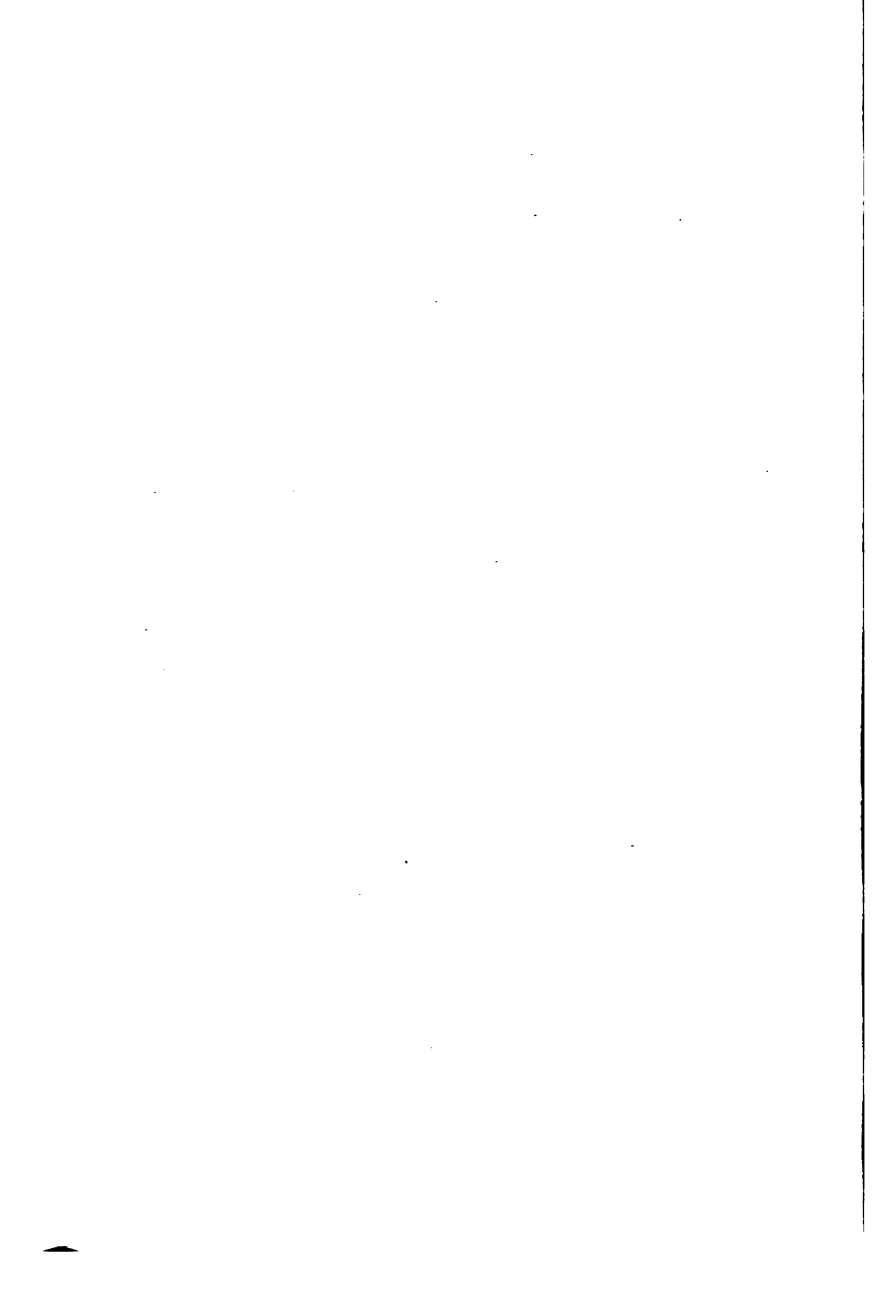
left for Cadiz. I was with a lady from the ship who was one of my best friends; we stayed 'most too long; the ship was ready to leave, but we were not. I expect father was near crazy, and the Captain pretty mad; everybody was at the ship's side, watching for us. They told me afterward that some of the ladies cried. Well, by and by we came in sight and saw what was up; and then we ran as hard as we could run. We got on board j-u-s-t as the steamer began to move. Everybody cheered like anything, the ladies came up and hugged me and there were great goings-on. All that fuss over me and one of my big grown-up girls!

I think it is good idea to stop a chapter at an exciting place.



THE DIVING BOYS, AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA





CHAPTER III

Christopher Columbus
and Other Things

We got to real Europe two days after we left Madeira, when we came up in front of Cadiz. It seemed to rise right out of the sea, and it is the whitest place I ever came across. It looks as if the people whitewashed the whole city every morning before breakfast. If the skyscrapers in New York were like that, everybody's eyes would be put out by the brightness.

The
Whiteness
of Cadiz

I suppose Cadiz feels pretty much stuck up because Christopher Columbus sailed from there when he discovered us.

**The mistake
Of Columbus**

If Christopher Columbus had not discovered us, somebody else would have, for we were here all right; but C. C. was the lucky one. It seems a pity for him that he did not keep quiet about it, instead of giving the news away; for his sons and grandsons and great-grandsons, and so on, would have been the richest men that ever lived. But he told all about his discovery to other people, and they came rushing in on every steamer. Now nobody will ever have such a chance again, for every place has been discovered.

This is a good deal to write about Columbus, but he was a very important man. If he, or some one else, had not discovered America we would still be Indians.

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

Cadiz has a very high, thick wall around it. The streets are so narrow that you wouldn't believe it. Some of us were taking a drive in a carriage. when we met a load of lumber. There was not room to go around, so we had to back into a house where people lived. If there had not been that big hole to back into dear knows what we would have done. Cities with very narrow streets, like Cadiz and Seville, should have plenty of big holes along the sides.

We back into
a house

There is a big bull ring at Cadiz where they have bull fights. There was no bull fight when I was there, and I was glad of it. It must be a messy sight.

On the way to Seville we passed hundreds of great piles of salt. I forgot to ask whether they dug it out of the ground or got it out

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

of the sea. Next time I go that way I will ask.

At Cadiz we got on a train to go to Seville. It was the first train I was on since I left America; and it was a funny old train. Sometimes it went so slowly that we could have made better time walking. Spain is not much on trains. I take a great interest in trains. I have two splendid toy engines and yards and yards of tracks, switches, signal towers and everything complete. I am the President of the Toy Railroad, but I do all the work on it, too. I would like to work on a real railroad when I grow up.

I do not like famous things Seville is a beautiful, lively city. In it is next to the largest cathedral in the world, full of great pillars and paintings and stained glass. Columbus is buried in it. There are many interesting buildings and other sights to



BEAUTIFUL CADIZ

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see in Seville, but before the trip was ended I got very, very tired of paintings and such things, 'specially museums. And right here I will say that you are going to be fooled in this book, if you expect to read about pictures and statues and such stuff. I saw enough of these on my trip to last a life-time; I feel just now as if I never wanted to see another statue again—especially a statue with the nose knocked off, as many are in Athens. Marbles are better to play with than to put into statues. I don't like famous things, as a rule. And no one can ever drag me into a museum again when I am awake. I would rather any day see a game of base-ball than all the art galleries and museums in Europe. A boy of eight has better use for his eyes. So now I have said all I am going to say about these stupid art things.

The
"Prudential"
Rock

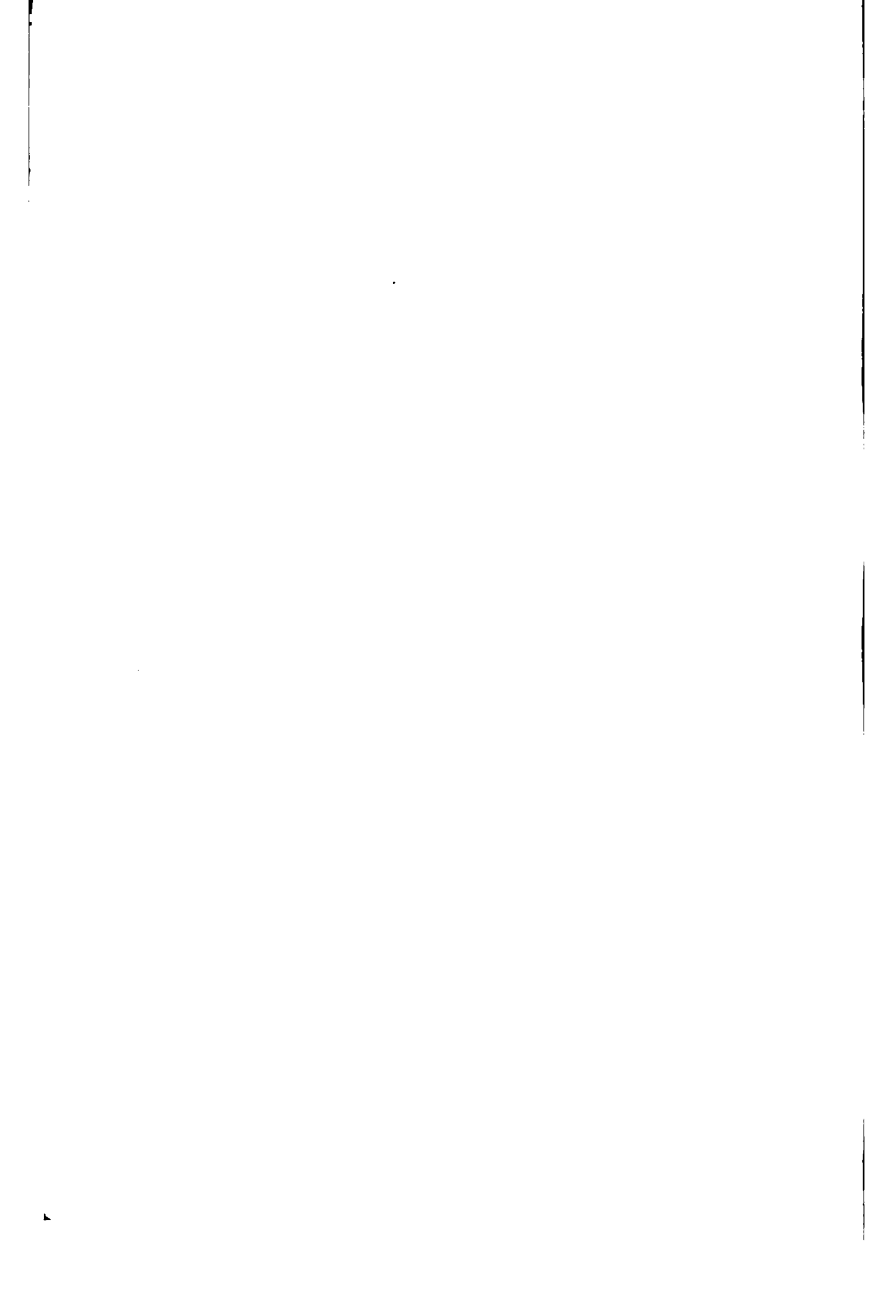
Well, the next place we went to was Gibraltar, the biggest rock in the world. I knew it soon as I saw it, for it looks exactly like its picture in the advertisement; but when I saw it, it did not have the words, "The Prudential", on it. It is owned by the English, you know, and I suppose they did not like to see these words on it. I suppose they are jealous of America. I wonder what The Prudential will do about it.

You are not allowed to go where you please here. Gibraltar is just a big rock fort, full of tunnels and cannon and soldiers; and the English do not want its secrets given away. So you can only go a little way to the top. I expect "The Prudential" sign is hid away some where in the secret places. It would not pay us to go to war on account of their hiding the sign, for even we could



THE AUTHOR, VIEWING GIBRALTAR FROM ITS FOOT





THE BOYS ACCOUNT OF IT

never capture Gibraltar, and it would be sad for us to have to own up that we could n't, after we tried.

This is a pretty long chapter, but it finishes Spain.



CHAPTER IV

Going on to the East

When we left Gibraltar we sailed two days, then came to Algiers on the north coast of Africa. I'll never forget my first sight of far away Africa. The sea was bright blue, and the hills were bright green, and the houses of Algiers were bright white. You will have to think out for yourself what it looked like—I don't know the right fancy words. But it was a great sight, sure.

The French part of Algiers looks just like



THE FRENCH SECTION OF ALGIERS



THE BOYS ACCOUNT OF IT

Paris, which I saw a year ago. The Arab part is very different. There the streets are so narrow that a carriage could not drive through; and so steep that you climb many of them on steps; and so smelly that you must hold your nose. The natives eat and sleep and buy and sell and pray and gamble right before your eyes; for the houses are all open in front. You never saw such queer clothes as they wear. The boatmen look like pirates.

Queer Street
Sights

We had a very good lunch in the French quarter, and saw a street festival which I enjoyed very much. Some of the floats were fine. Africa is all right.

Malta was the next place to stop, 600 miles further east; and we got there on Washington's Birthday. The dining room of the steamer was all fixed up with flags and

"Early to
Bed"

pictures of George Washington, and in the evening there were speeches. There was something going on every evening, but it was bed for me, so I did not see the evening parts of the trip. This going to bed so early is pretty hard on boys. If I had stayed up *one* evening I could have heard a lecture about the Knights of Malta; but now you will have to read about them in the history book. It saves me a lot writing, any way.

In the city of Valetta, in Malta, we saw the festival of Mardi-gras (I had to get father to spell that word for me.) There were bushels and bushels of confetti thrown around, and everybody seemed crazy. It was great fun.

In one of the churches here were the skeletons of many monks with the cloaks which they wore still over them. The night

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

after I saw those skeletons was not a good night for sleep.

The next chapter will be the shortest in the book.



CHAPTER V

All about Athens

If this book were written by one of the grown-up persons on our ship, this chapter would likely be a very long one; for many of the gentlemen and ladies went on about these dreadful ruins 'til you couldn't rest. For my part, I can't see what all their fuss is about. There is the Parthenon, for instance: some of these people came on this trip to see the Parthenon 'specially, they said. But why, I wonder? For it is in very bad repair, has no roof on it, and a great deal of it is

Why do
people like
ruins?

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

tumbled down. Why do people like ruins? They are of no earthly use to live in, and are not pretty like the Grand Opera House in Paris and many other buildings that I could name. Now the *new* parts of Athens are all right, and the soldiers are interesting in their queer uniforms, and there are no beggars around, so Athens is good enough in many ways; but you can cut out the ruins for *me*. A good five-cent moving picture show is better for real fun than all the ruins that I saw on my trip. It does not take long for me to tell all about Athens.

Why do
people like
ruins?

CHAPTER VI

Dirt, Dogs and Diamonds

It is a two day's ride on the steamer from Athens to Constantinople, which we reached on the last day of February. Next to London and Paris, it is the largest city we visited on this trip. It is very interesting, very dirty and very doggy.

Dogs as street cleaners The dogs are everywhere, and always in your way; but it is a crime to kill one of them. I suppose they are sort of sacred; for you get three years in jail if you kill one, and only seven years in jail if you kill a

man. They are the dirtiest lot of dogs you ever saw. Nobody owns one of them, but everybody owns all of them. They depend a good deal upon these dogs to keep the streets clean; and the streets look like it. It is a dirty place. There are no sewers, and over a million people; so you will likely guess right.

Saint Sophia is the greatest church I ever saw, except Saint Peter's at Rome. You wouldn't believe me if I told you about it; and I wouldn't blame you. There are many things that you can understand through words; but not Saint Sophia. Besides, I haven't the right words. But I can tell you about the doves, of which the church is full, which fly around under the great dome and everywhere. They are not disturbed, for they are thought to be sacred.

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

Diamond Furniture

In one building I saw more diamonds and emeralds than I ever supposed were on the earth. There were desks and a throne and daggers and clothes and other things all covered thick with them, worth millions of dollars. If they would take the thousands of diamonds out of the furniture and sell them, they could build sewers and such useful things out of the money, and then Constantinople would be one of the finest cities anywhere. But I suppose they would sooner stay dirty and keep this useless furniture as it is. The Turks do not show much good sense in such things.

When we left Constantinople our steamer went up the Bosphorus to the Black sea and back, giving us some great scenes. Then we went 300 miles and stopped before Smyrna. It was a gay sight—the big mountains be-



THE AUTHOR (IN THE CENTER) AT ATHENS





hind, the groves and gardens around, and the spires and red roofs and balconies, just like a painted picture.

Of course you have heard of Smyrna rugs. Well, here they are at home. The bazaars have great quantities of Eastern things for sale, such as rugs and weapons and shawls and embroideries and stools and fans and brass things and jewelry; but it is foolish to pay right off what they ask. You can get them down in price, and then down more yet; and if you pretend to walk away they will come down some more. They have queer ideas about business.

The way
prices come
down

At Smyrna we saw hundreds and hundreds of camels, loaded down with rugs, which had come from over seven hundred miles back in Asia. They must have been very tired after their long march.

THE BOYS ACCOUNT OF IT

We boarded the ship again, sailed around the beautiful Grecian islands, and in two days landed at Jaffa to take the train for old Jerusalem.





THE CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE



CHAPTER VII

In the Bible Country

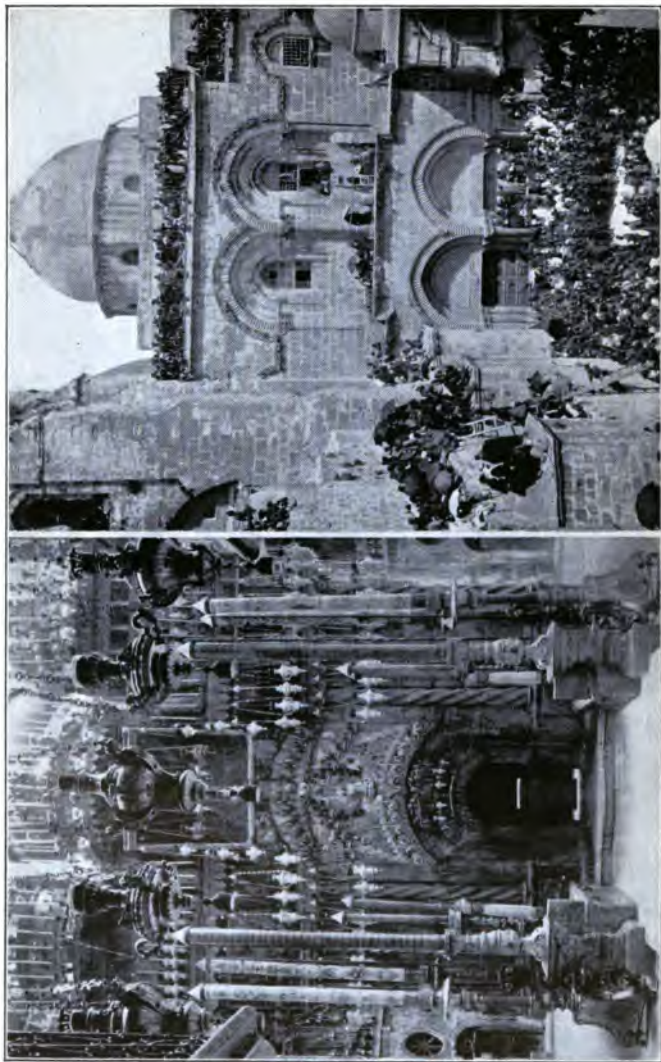
I was now in the Holy Land where Christ was born and lived, and was going to see many of the places which I had been told about in Sunday school. It gave me a queer feeling to think I was walking over the same ground that Christ had walked on, and was looking on the same mountains that He saw. When the Jews and the Russian pilgrims land at Jaffa they fall on their knees and kiss the ground of Palestine. This little Land is the only one on earth which Jews

The scenes
Christ saw

and Catholics and Protestants and Turks all like in the same way.

Jerusalem is a little place for so much to have happened there. A man on the ship said that if the whole city were set down in Central Park, New York, it would not cover more than half the park. Yet more important things happened in Jerusalem and the country around it than in all the rest of the world put together.

We first took a drive all around the outside of the city. Inside there were visitors from all countries, in queer dresses, speaking many different languages; and there was a great racket from the shouts of the donkey boys, the loud cries of the camel drivers and the calls of those who had things to sell to visitors. We went to the Mosque of Omar, which is a beautiful building on the spot where



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE



THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

Abraham offered Isaac for a sacrifice; then to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is supposed to stand on the spot where Christ was crucified and buried for three days. The sacred spots

There are thirty six sacred places in the church—the spot where Christ was crowned with thorns, the spot where He was scourged, another where they gambled for His clothes, another where He was nailed to the cross, the very rock on which he was crucified, with the hole in it where the cross rested, and so on. They say that no one can prove these spots, but it gives you a queer feeling to see them, just the same.

In the garden of Gethsemene are eight huge olive trees which are over a thousand years old. The oil from the olives on these trees brings very high prices from visitors. It is sold in tiny vials.

The weeping
Jews

The Wall of Wailing is where the Jews gather to weep over the loss of their Jerusalem. It is a curious sight.

We saw many other very interesting places where things happened that are told of in the Bible, but I want to tell you about Bethlehem, where Christ was born. It is the most interesting place in the world for boys to visit.

We took a carriage to get there, as it is six miles from Jerusalem. There we went to the Church of the Nativity, the oldest Christian church in the world, which they think stands on the very spot where Christ was born. The cave, which was the stable in which was the manger, is under the church. When I stood before the manger, all came back to me that I had learned and read in Sunday school about the birth of Christ. In the next chapter I will tell you all about it.

CHAPTER VIII

The Story of the Birth

There was a girl named Mary, who lived in Nazareth. She was engaged to be married to a carpenter, named Joseph.

One day an angel came into the room where Mary was and said, "The Lord has picked you to be the mother of a son, Jesus, which means 'salvation'; for he shall save the people from their sins. He shall be a king and rule over the people of God; and his kingdom shall never end."

But Mary could not see how all this was

to happen; so the angel said "The Holy Spirit shall come upon you and your child will be holy and shall be called the son of God."

Then the angel flew off and Mary hurried away to tell her cousin Elizabeth, who lived eighty miles from Nazareth. She stayed with her cousin three months before she went back to Nazareth.

Soon after the time when Elizabeth's son, John the Baptist, was born, the angel went to Joseph the carpenter and said, "Joseph, I have come to tell you that Mary, the young woman you are engaged to, will have a son, sent by the Lord. You shall name him Jesus, which means 'salvation,' for he shall save the people from their sins." Joseph knew from this that the son was to be the King of Israel, which he had often heard the prophets speak of.



ON THE DESERT





THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

Then Joseph and Mary were married in Nazareth. The reason their son, Christ, happened to be born in Bethlehem instead of Nazareth was this: The Emperor sent out a command that everybody should go to the cities where their families first came from and have their names put down on a list. I suppose it was something like a tax list. As Joseph had come from the family of David, who lived in Bethlehem, they had to take the long trip from Nazareth to Bethlehem. When they got there they found a big crowd of people who had come to put their names down on the list. The hotel was full, and there was no room for them; so the best they could do was to sleep in the stable, where the cattle were kept. For of course no one knew that the young wife was to be the mother of the Lord of all the earth, so

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

nobody gave up their place in the hotel to them. But maybe they could not have afforded a room in the hotel any way, for they were very poor. That very night the child, Christ, was born. There was no cradle to put it in, so they laid it in a manger where the cattle were fed.

There were some shepherds that night in a field near Bethlehem. All at once a big light shone on them from an angel who came there, and they were afraid; but the angel said, "Don't be afraid, for I am bringing you good news. To-night a baby was born who is Christ, the King. You can see him in a manger in Bethlehem." And then they saw many angels in the air, all singing, "Glory to God in the highest."

Then the shepherds hurried to Bethlehem and saw the baby in the manger. They told

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

Joseph and Mary what the angels said about the baby, and then went back to their flocks very happy.

Eight days later the parents named the boy "Jesus."

I forget some of the language the Bible uses, where it tells about the birth of Christ, but what I have written is about the way it happened.



CHAPTER IX.

The Oldness of Egypt.

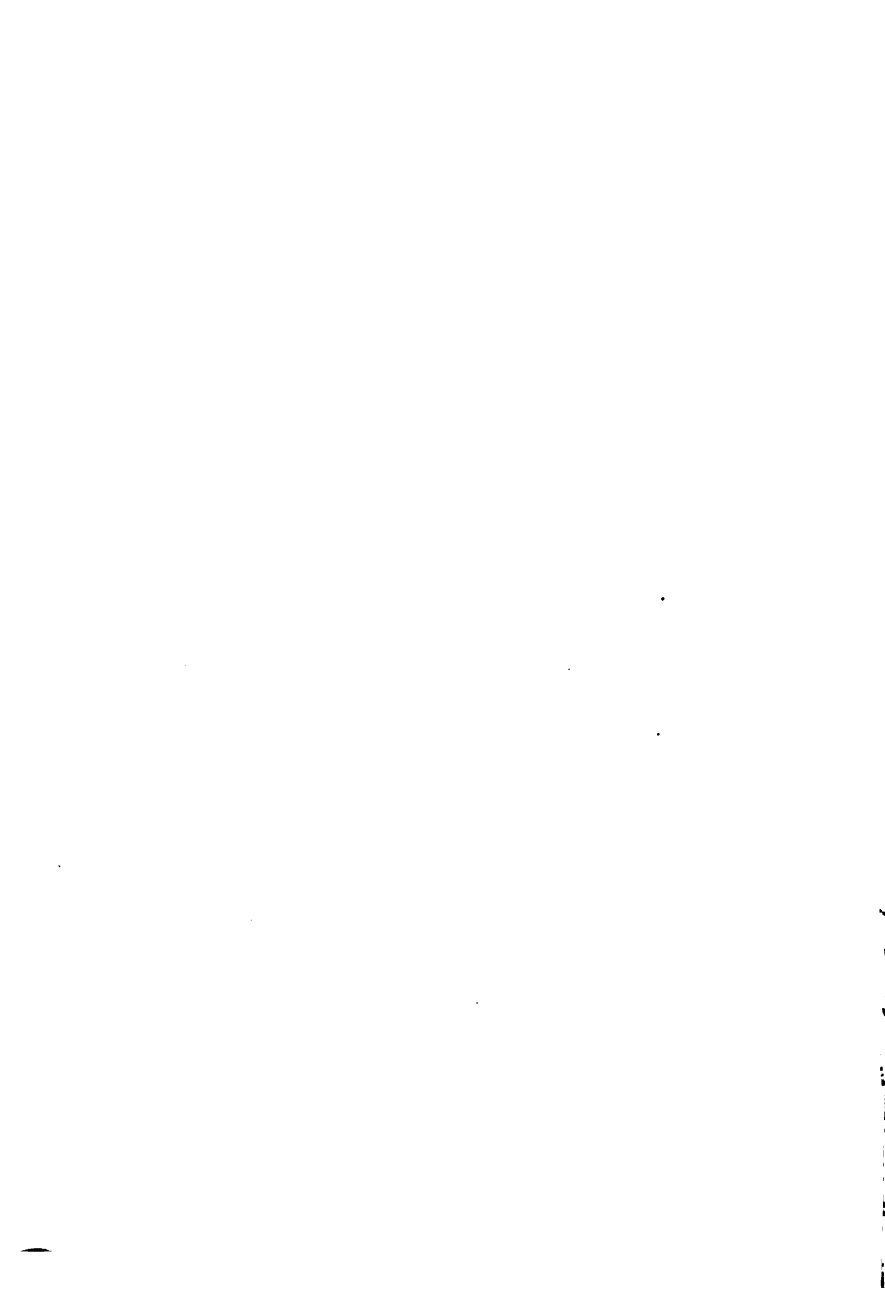
We got back to Jaffa on the train from Jerusalem, went on the ship again and after a day came in sight of Alexandria. We were going to stay thirteen days in Egypt.

The sight was interesting as we came along the coast. The fields were full of people working, and it looked like a big picnic. They say the ground is very rich, and they raise three crops a year. There were many water-wagons, drawn by cows, hauling water from the Nile to pour over the ground. I heard a lady say that the Nile was one of the four largest rivers in the world, and that Egypt owes everything to its big river. It

**The Nile a
Blessing**



HIS WIVES GOING TO A MAN'S FUNERAL, CAIRO



THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

flows over its banks every year for a few months and wets all the country. If it were not for this, Egypt would be a desert.

Some more things she said were about the long time that Egypt has been going on. For instance, the pyramids were built four thousand years *before* Christ was born. That is twice as long before he was born as it has been *since* he was born. That surprised me very much. Just think how much older the pyramids are than any of the ruins which I saw 7000 Years Old in Greece or Bethlehem! It seems a long, long way back to that time.

There is not so very much to see in Alexandria, and we were anxious to get to Cairo, the biggest city in Africa, which we reached by train in a few hours. I'll never forget my two weeks in Cairo and that neighborhood as long as I live.

CHAPTER X.

What I Saw and Did in Cairo.

When you step into the street at Cairo for the first time you feel as if you were at a fancy-dress party. Every kind of people in every kind of dress in the world seem to be there. And I suppose some little Arab there is now wearing my new overcoat; for it was stolen by a Camel-driver. All the Egyptians and many other Eastern nations wear fezs on their heads, instead of hats. It is a light red, steep cap without the little wing that comes over the eyes in other caps; it is stiff, and a

Fezs

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

little pointed, and flat on top; and a black tassel hangs down behind from the top. I bought half a dozen of them to bring home to my friends. I thought they would look queer on the streets in America.

The street scenes are very interesting. You will see a man driving a cow and milking it right on the street to give a customer a drink; another man driving a flock of turkeys; a letter-writer who will write a letter for you right there in any language; a camel-train mixed up with trolley-cars, bicycles and automobiles; a wedding procession with dancing girls in front; a funeral with men in front paid to howl; Arabs from the desert; women in blue gowns with hideous black veils tied on below their eyes; and so on. There is lots to see.

In the narrow streets where the working

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

people live you can see a queer sight. You look down from the street into basements where men are making ribbons and such things. They sit in holes in the floor, which comes around their waists, and work a loom with their feet under the floor while the floor is a table for their hands to work on. It seems like dreadful hard work, but thousands do it, and they only earn a few cents a day.

A Hair Cut

I had my hair cut in Cairo. I sat straight up on an ordinary chair while the man clipped away. When he had finished I was a sight. The Egyptians are not much on hair-cutting.

At breakfast one morning we ordered eggs. They brought us tiny little eggs that looked like bird's eggs. It would take four of them to make as much egg as one American hen lays. I suppose the Egyptian hens are about as big as robins.



THE STREET BARBER SHOP IN CAIRO (Where I had my Hair Cut)





THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

One day we had to put down the windows in our room to keep out the sand. There was a sandstorm out on the desert, and we were getting the edge of it. The air was quite dark and the fine sand sifted through every crack until everything was covered. It must be dreadful to be out on the desert when there is a sandstorm.

When the
Sand Blew

There are lots and lots of mosques to visit, but they are very tiresome to me, though some are quite grand. There is a big university here which has six thousand students, but they say the teaching is pretty poor. And there is the great Egyptian Museum.

Well, I thought I had cut out all museums, but I wanted to see the mummies; so I went. There were thousands of things here from ancient Egypt which seemed very interesting to the grown-up people, but it was mummies,

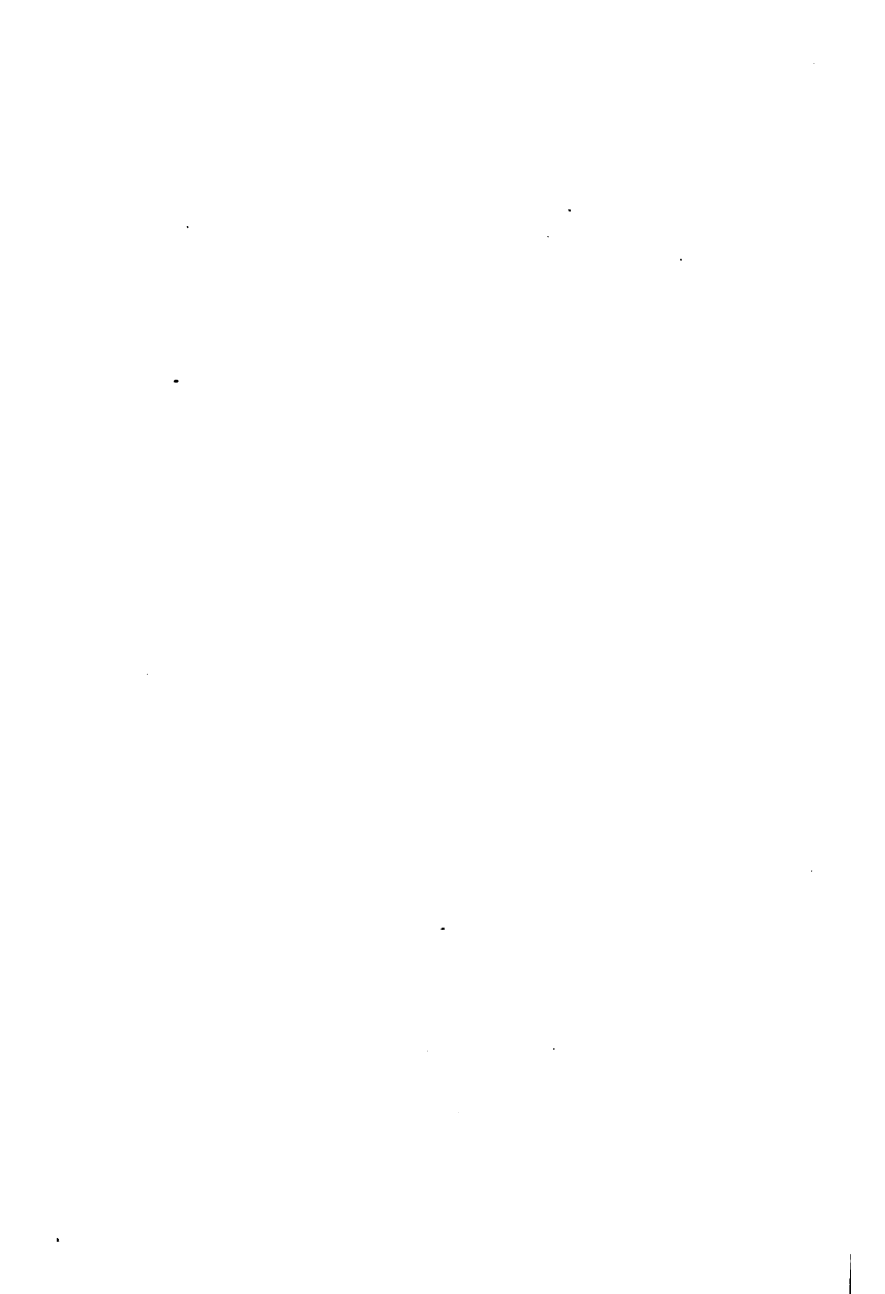
only, for me. There were dozens of them; nearly every one was once a king or queen, or prince or princess.

All About
Mummies

A mummy is a dead person's body that has been dried up and kept in some way, and looks as if thin leather had been pulled over the bones. Of course they cannot keep the eyes and such soft parts, but the features of the face and body are just like they were when the person was living, and if you were a friend of the person you could tell at once who it was, even though the person had been dead seven thousand years. It is much more real than a photograph or a statue, for the mummy is the real person, not a *copy* of the person. It is great to be able to see the real face of a person, just like that person looked thousands of years before Christ was born in Bethlehem, and before any of the ruins in



DINING ON THE HOTEL TERRACE, AT CAIRO



Greece had even been started as buildings to live in.

A fortune-teller told me here that I would live to be ninety years old and have nine children. I said, "Gee! I could'n't take care of so many, and would have to get father to help me."

At Cairo we took a carriage and drove six miles to see the Pyramids, over a very fine road. The trolley cars run on this road from Cairo to the Pyramids. It seemed queer to see trolley cars near the oldest things that man ever built; because trolley cars are nearly the *newest* thing that man ever made.

The Pyramids are great piles of big stones that run up on all sides to a point. They were built over the graves of kings. They are tremendous but perfectly useless. A man said that it took one hundred thousand men

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

twenty years to make the biggest one. A pyramid cannot fall down, so I suppose they will last forever.

**The Big Rock
Man**

The Sphinx is a great big man's face cut out of solid rock, rising out of the sand. It has the body of a lion, but most of the body is covered up by the sand. It is one of the queerest sights I saw on my trip.

Well now it was time to say goodbye to Egypt and the East and turn back toward home. I was glad because of the ride on the ship; for I enjoy the ship more than anything else in travelling. A boy can have so much fun playing on the deck with other boys, and I am never sick a minute, no matter how much it storms. So I was glad when we went on the ship for a thousand miles ride to Naples.

CHAPTER XI.

The Earthquake Country.

We passed through the narrow strait of Messina and could plainly see all the ruin made by the earthquake. I saw many ruins on my trip, but this seemed the worst; for while the ruins in Greece and Egypt were of buildings which just wore out through age, and which hurt nobody while they were wearing out, the Messina ruin came by an earthquake which killed lots and lots of people when the buildings fell. Besides, it makes a difference in looking at ruins a thousand years old and looking at another ruin which had only happened a few months ago. It made me feel quite solemn for a few minutes.

A Sad Sight

Just after dark we passed quite close to the volcano of Stromboli. It seemed to rise right up in the dark out of the water, like a big black pyramid. It wasn't fired up when I saw it.

The next morning we landed in Naples, the biggest city in Italy. The most interesting place in it is the Aquarium, where there are the most curious fish you ever saw. These fish live at the bottom of the sea, and some of them do not look like fish at all. I would not like to go fishing for these horrid things.

Ugly Fish

Then there is a great museum, but you know how I feel about museums. I skipped the museum.

We went up on a high place and saw a beautiful view across the bay to the mountains on the other side. Many people think this is the most beautiful view in the world.

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

When you go off of the main street you come to some of the narrowest and dirtiest streets I ever saw. The people of Naples do not seem to mind dirt. I wonder how they can stand it. Many of the children run around without any clothes on.

We went to Pompeii, a city which was destroyed by being covered with ashes from a volcano, nearly a thousand years ago. They have dug out the ashes and you see the city uncovered. You can look on buildings just as they were caught under the shower of ashes when everybody was killed. There must have been a dreadful time in Pompeii that day.

From Naples we went to Rome, where there is much to see.

CHAPTER XII.

A Wonderful Church.

In the five days that we stayed in Rome I saw so much that it makes me dizzy to try to remember all of it. There were high arches and other ruins (ruins do not seem to be fashionable in America, but in Europe they are very many to be seen), and obelisks—which are high, pointed stones set up on end, stolen from Egypt—and museums and picture galleries and churches and famous buildings and monuments and the Coliseum. This is a big round building where men



THE LOVELY CAPITAL OF MONTE CARLO

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

fought with lions and bulls, and fifty thousand people could see the show at the same time.

The biggest church in the world, St. Peter's, is here; a man said that it cost \$60,000,000 to build, and would cost much more if it were built in these times. The church holds eighty thousand people. It is full of great statues and paintings and tombs. One tomb I remember, because it was of a Pope who was once a beggar boy; and he was the only Englishman among the Popes. His English name was Nicholas Breakspeare, and his Pope name was Adrian IV. I was very careful to get these names straight, when I heard of the beggar-boy English Pope, and wrote them down on my cuff, so that I would not forget.

**The Beggar-
Boy Pope**

I think the most interesting thing in St. Peter's is the Mosaic pictures. Mosaics are

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

little pieces of stone, of all kinds of colors; and here are lots of pictures which look like real paintings, made out of these little pieces of stone. It must have taken a long time and great patience to make them.

Near St. Peter's is the Vatican, the biggest palace in the world, where the Pope lives. It does not look very fine from the outside, as it seems sort of mixed up; but it is great inside. It is so big that it contains over a thousand rooms. The guards at the door wear clothes that make you laugh.

I could write much more about Rome, but I heard a lady on the ship say you could read ten books about Rome and not know it all; so what's the use?

CHAPTER XIII.

Making Money Quick as a Wink.

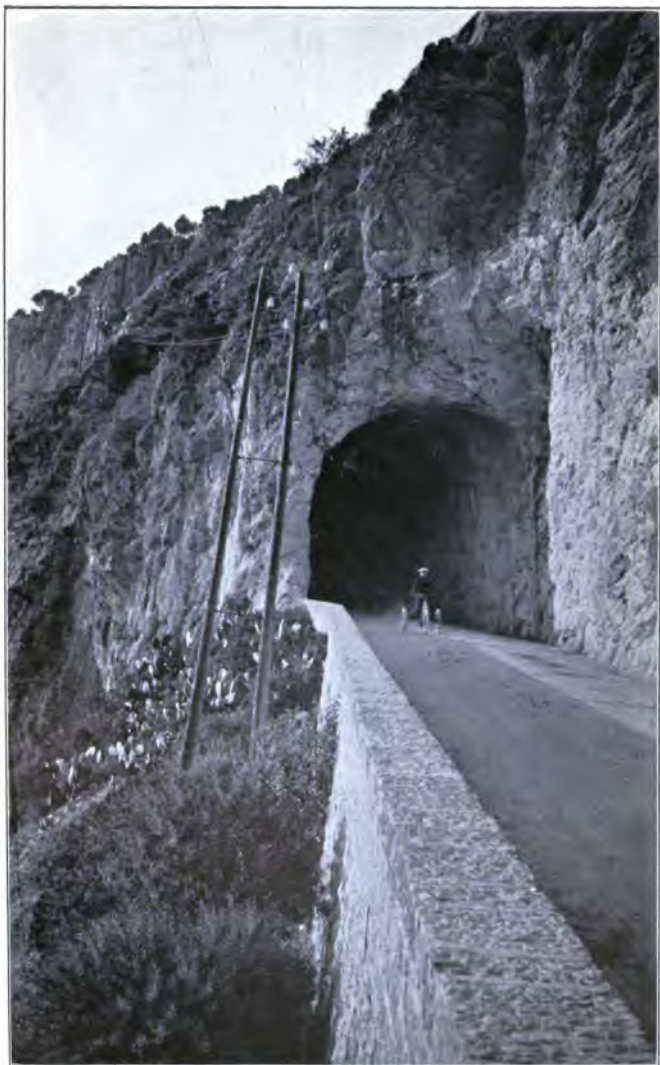
From Rome we went back to Naples, and then our ship next landed at Villefranche; then we went two miles to Nice, which is a great pleasure resort. There were many Americans and English here, all out for a good time. It is a very fashionable place in April, and we got there just at the right time to see it at its best. The ladies wear beautiful clothes in the latest fashion, and there is something going on all the time. We stayed five days here on the Riviera.

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

The Beautiful
Riviera

One day we drove to Monte Carlo, fifteen miles away. This is said to be the most beautiful drive in Europe. The flowers along the way, the castles on the hills, the beautiful houses, the fine carriages one meets and the views of the sea all make it worth going across the ocean just to take this drive. And then when you get to the end of it you are at Monte Carlo, where the scenery is most beautiful of all.

There is a great gambling place here, where visitors make money quick as a wink and then lose it quicker. I should like to have seen how it was done and tell you about it, but they do not allow boys in the Casino, so I had to sit out in the park where they say people kill themselves when they have lost all their money. I don't see why the people don't stop gambling as soon



THE CORNICHE ROAD, NICE TO MONTE CARLO

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

as they have made some money; but it seems they think they can make more, and then their luck turns. This is the way it was explained to me, so I pass it on to you and you can believe or not. I can't give you my word for it, for I did not see the gambling. Win or Die

When we left Nice we took the train for Paris, where we were going to stay several weeks. Now I was getting back to places that I knew well, for I had been in Paris and London several times before.

CHAPTER XIV.

Back to Old Scenes.

A year ago I spent a month in Paris, so I felt quite at home as soon as I stepped from the train. Here were streets and buildings that I knew at once, and people at the hotel who knew me soon as I came in sight. It was fine to hear "Bon jour, Bobs!" from my old friends again.

I Hear my
Name Called

Of course I did not go around much to see the regular sights that tourists always hunt up, for I had seen them before; and as this book is to tell only of what I saw on *this*

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

trip, you will not get any news about buildings and such things in Paris from me. I can say, though, that it is the same bright, clean, beautiful, gay, lovely city that I found it on my other visits, and it seemed more bright and beautiful than ever before.

I had an adventure here which I will tell you about.

A year ago I used to play in the gardens of the Tuilleries with a hoop which father bought for me, and on which he had put my name. When I was leaving Paris I could not take the hoop with me, so I left it behind in the garden.

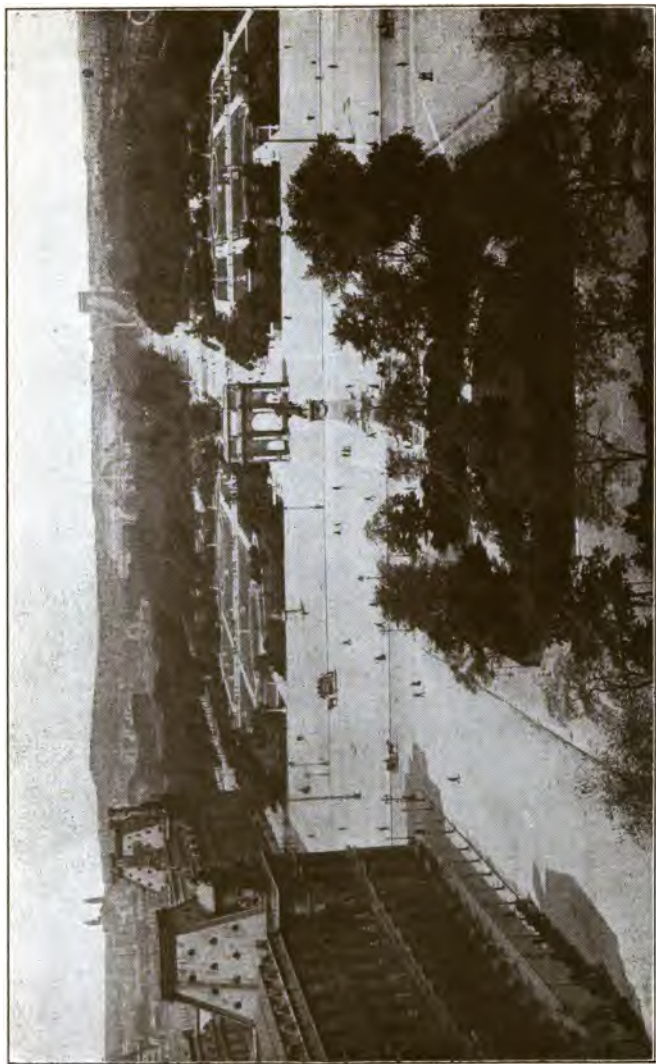
*Finding my
Old Hoop*

Well, the first time I went to the gardens on *this* trip I thought I would like to roll a hoop again; so I went into the little toy store there and asked for one. And what do you think? The woman handed out to me the

very same hoop which she had sold to me once before! There was my name on it, which she had not noticed before; so she would not let me pay for it. I suppose she picks up a good many hoops which children had used and left behind, and sells them over again. I think the hoop business in the gardens of the Tuilleries must pay pretty well.

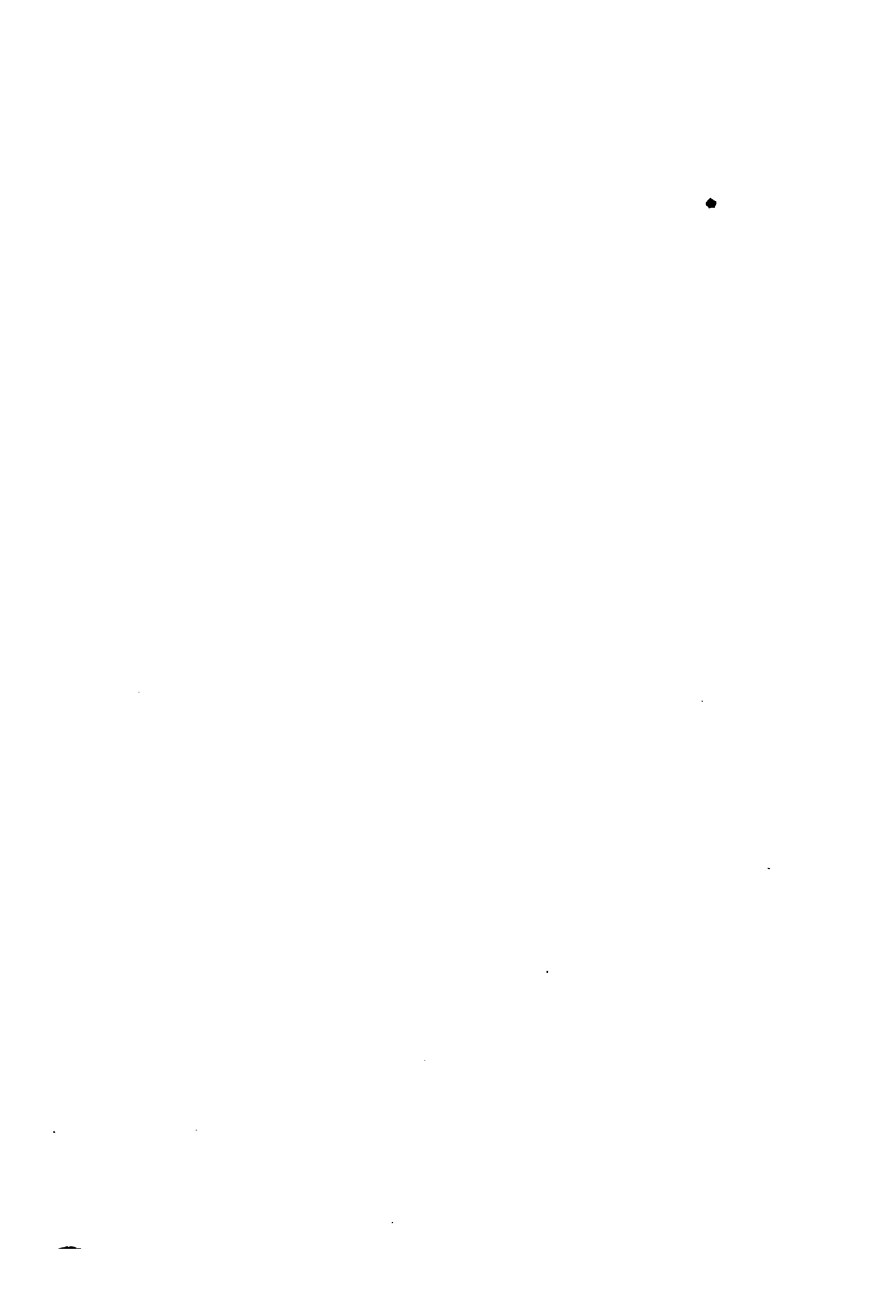
We went to London from Paris and got rooms at the Hotel Cecil, which is a very good hotel indeed. (When I go over to London again I think I'll ask the manager to pay me something for my saying here that he keeps a good hotel.) The same thing is true about London as I said of Paris—I had been there before and seen the sights, so I am not going to tell about the sights here because I *didn't* go all around this time. But I will tell you about *one* visit I made, for it was a queer kind of a visit.

Will He Pay
Me?



THE TUILLERIES GARDENS, WHERE I FOUND MY OLD HOOP





THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

A year ago, when I was here before, one of my teeth got loose and father pulled it out—or *picked* it out, for one's first teeth are not in very deep. I thought we ought to have a little funeral over it so I asked father to go with me to Westminster Abbey. I took the tooth with me and what do you think I did with it? I took it to the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, and stuck it in a crack in the tomb.

I remembered this when I got to London on this trip and soon after I got to the hotel I got father to go with me again to Westminster Abbey. I told him I wanted to weep over the grave of my tooth. I didn't expect to find the tooth, but there it was, just where I had put it! I suppose it isn't right to laugh out loud among those tombs of great people but *I* did.

My Famous
Tooth

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

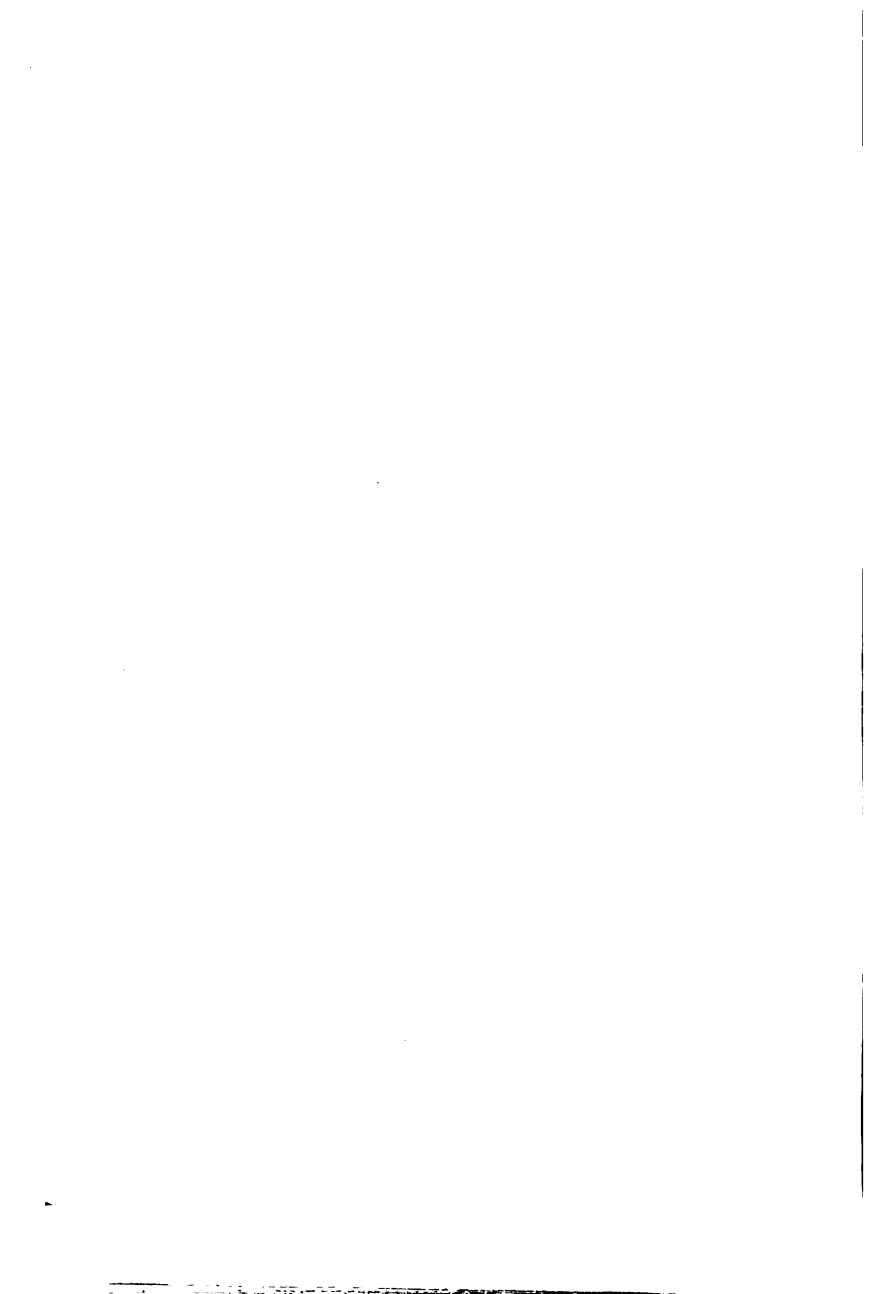
I may never be famous enough to be buried in Westminster Abbey when I am dead, but a *part* of me is buried there while I am still alive; and I don't suppose there are any other American boys that can say this. I have a famous tooth, even if I should never be a famous man; for it is only famous persons that get buried in Westminster Abbey.





WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WHERE MY TOOTH IS BURIED





CHAPTER XV.

Home Again.

England is such a little country that I did not take many hours to cross it to Liverpool, where we got on board the ship for the long, three-thousand mile ride back to America. We stopped for a little at Queenstown, on the Irish coast; and while we were there a big, old Irish woman came on board to sell lace. She was the greatest talker I ever met. When she thought she had a chance to sell a man some lace she would call him "honey" and "darlint", and such like names. Nearly

An Irish
Talker

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

all the men tried to jolly her but she got back at them every time, and got the laugh on them. Some one said that her tongue was fastened at the middle and wagged at both ends; and a man said afterwards that she had the quickest wit of any person he had ever seen. The old lady sold quite a lot of lace. She would ask any price she thought she could get, but would come down, down, down, rather than miss the sale. She reminded me of the Turks when they sell.

It blew like anything when we got out on the ocean, and the waves were tremendous. It was a great storm and many people were very seasick; but I was not sick for a minute and thought the pitching and tossing of the steamer great fun—it was so slidy. When you started out to walk you never could be quite sure where you would bring

A Storm at
Sea

THE BOY'S ACCOUNT OF IT

up. It was most always some place you had not intended or expected.

The storm kept us back a day, but on the afternoon of Sunday, May 2, we saw good old New York coming up over the edge of the ocean, growing bigger and bigger every minute. Soon we could make out the Statue of Liberty, and soon after the crooked line of skyscrapers. It was home, sweet home! In a little while we were being pulled and pushed into the dock by the tugs, and then I heard some people calling, "Hello, Bobs!" It was some of my friends on the pier, and in a few minutes I was among them, happy to be back, but sorry that the lovely trip was over.

"Home,
Sweet Home"

If a boy has a kind father and wants to have a good time, let him go to the Mediterranean. I mean to go again some time, for there are several things I want to examine more carefully, and maybe by that time I can stand a little more of the picture galleries and museums. Besides, I may run accross Josepnina, of Funchal, Madeira. I would like to see her again first rate, and I think I'll learn a little of the Portuguese language. It will come handy when we meet, and when we write letters to each other. And first of all I must find out what is the Portuguese for "dear". That word always comes into my mind when I think of Josephina.



DAY-DREAMING OF THE TRIP

